



# "THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art*; and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life; but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

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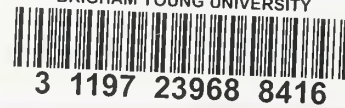
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*R. SANDS*

MIRANDA





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## A HOPE CAROL.

A night was near, a day was near,  
Between a day and night  
I heard sweet voices calling clear,  
Calling me :  
I heard a whirr of wing on wing,  
But could not see the sight ;  
I long to see my birds that sing,  
I long to see.

Below the stars, beyond the moon,  
Between the night and day  
I heard a rising falling tune  
Calling me :  
I long to see the pipes and strings  
Whereon such minstrels play ;  
I long to see each face that sings,  
I long to see.

To-day or may be not to-day,  
To-night or not to-night,  
All voices that command or pray  
Calling me,  
Shall kindle in my soul such fire  
And in my eyes such light  
That I shall see that heart's desire  
I long to see.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.





## IS MUSIC THE TYPE OR MEASURE OF ALL ART?

Mr. Matthew Arnold's definition of Poetry as "at bottom a Criticism of Life," insisted somewhat too strenuously on the purely intellectual and moral aspects of art. There is a widely different way of regarding the same subject-matter, which finds acceptance with many able thinkers of the present time. This ignores the criticism of life altogether, and dwells with emphasis upon sensuous presentation, emotional suggestion, and technical perfection, as the central and essential qualities of art. In order to steer a safe course between the Scylla of excessive intellectuality, and the Charybdis of excessive sensuousness, it will be well to examine what a delicate and philosophical critic has published on this second theory of the arts. With this object in view, I choose a paper by Mr. Walter Pater on "The School of Giorgione."<sup>1</sup> The opinion that art has a sphere independent of intellectual or ethical intention is here advocated with lucidity, singular charm of style, and characteristic reserve.

Mr. Pater opens the discussion by very justly condemning the tendency of popular critics "to regard all products of art as various forms of poetry." "For this criticism," he says, "poetry, music, and painting are but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour in painting, of sound in music, of rhythmical words in poetry." "In this way," he adds, "the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference." He then proceeds to point out that each of the fine arts has its own sphere, its own untranslatable mode of expression, its own way of reaching the imaginative reason through the senses, its own special responsibilities to its material.

So far, every intelligent student of the subject will agree with him. Nor will there be any substantial difference of

<sup>1</sup> "Fortnightly Review," October, 1887. I should not have thought it proper to deal with a single article of this kind, which, so far as I know, has not been reprinted by Mr. Pater, unless the views here set forth were current among persons worthy of respect.



opinion as to the second point on which he insists—namely, that each of the arts, while pursuing its own object, and obeying its own laws, may sometimes assimilate the quality of a sister-art. This, adopting German phraseology, Mr. Pater terms the *Anders-streben* of an art, or the reaching forward from its own sphere toward the sphere of another art. We are familiar with the thought that Greek dramatic poetry borrowed something of its form from sculpture, and that the Italian romantic epic was determined to a great extent by the analogy of painting. Nor is it by any means an innovation in criticism to refer all the artistic products of a nation to some dominant fine art, for which that nation possessed a special aptitude, and which consequently gave colour and complexion to its whole æsthetical activity. Accordingly, Mr. Pater, both in the doctrine of the independence of each art, and also in the doctrine of the *Anders-streben* of one art toward another, advances nothing which excites opposition.

At this point, however, he passes into a region of more questionable speculation. Having rebuked popular criticism for using poetry as the standard whereby to judge the arts, he proceeds to make a similar use of music; for he lays it down that all the arts in common aspire "towards the principle of music, music being the typical, or ideally consummate art, the object of the great *Anders-streben* of all art, of all that is artistic, or partakes of artistic qualities."

The reason for this assertion is stated with precision :<sup>1</sup>

"*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.* For while in all other works of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, its given incidents or situation; that the mere matter of a picture, the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape, should be nothing without the form, the spirit of the handling; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter;—this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees."

<sup>1</sup> "Fortnightly Review," p. 528. The italics are Mr. Pater's.

Having illustrated the meaning of this paragraph by references to painting, poetry, furniture, dress, and the details of daily intercourse, Mr. Pater proceeds as follows:—<sup>1</sup>

“Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material; the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or ear only; but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the imaginative reason, that complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin-born with its sensible analogue or symbol.

“It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter, this strange chemistry, uniting, in the integrity of pure light, contrasted elements. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of consummate art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the imaginative reason, yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realises; and one of the chief functions of æsthetic criticism, dealing with the concrete products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches in this sense to musical law.”

If this means that art, as art, aspires toward a complete absorption of the matter into the form—toward such a blending of the animative thought or emotion with the embodying vehicle that the shape produced shall be the only right and perfect manifestation of a spiritual content to the senses, so that, while we contemplate the work, we cannot conceive their separation—then in this view there is nothing either

<sup>1</sup> “Fortnightly Review,” p. 530.



new or perilous. It was precisely this which constituted the consummate excellence of Greek sculpture. The sculptor found so apt a shape for the expression of ideal personality, that his marble became an apocalypse of godhood. It was precisely this, again, which made the poetry of Virgil artistically perfect. In the words of the most eloquent of Virgil's panegyrists: "What is meant by the vague praise bestowed on Virgil's unequalled style is practically this, that he has been, perhaps, more successful than any other poet in fusing together the expressed and the suggested emotion; that he has discovered the hidden music which can give to every shade of feeling its distinction, its permanence, and its charm; that his thoughts seem to come to us on wings of melodies prepared for them from the foundation of the world."<sup>1</sup>

But it does not seem that Mr. Pater means this only. We have the right to conclude from passages which may be emphasised, that he has in view the more questionable notion that fine arts in their most consummate moments all aspire toward vagueness of intellectual intention—that a well-defined subject in poetry and painting and sculpture is a hindrance to artistic quality—that the lust of the eye or of the ear is of more moment than the thought of the brain. Art, he says, is "always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material." "Lyrical poetry," he says, "just because in it you are least able to detach the matter from the form without a deduction of something from that matter itself, is, at least artistically, the highest and most complete form of poetry. And the very perfection of such poetry often seems to depend in part *on a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject, so that the definite meaning almost expires*, or reaches us through ways not distinctly traceable by the understanding."<sup>2</sup>

This is ingenious; and it cannot be denied that the theory has a plausible appearance. Yet, were we to carry Mr. Pater's principles to their logical extremity, we should have to prefer Pope's Verses by a Person of Quality to the peroration of the Dunciad, and a fine specimen of Japanese screen-

<sup>1</sup> Essays, Classical, by F. W. H. Myers, p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> "Fortnightly Review," p. 529. Here the italics are not Mr. Pater's, but mine.

painting to Turner's *Téméraire* or Raphael's *School of Athens*.

So far as the art of poetry goes, he seems to overstate a truth, which is finely and exactly expressed by Mr. Myers in the essay on Virgil from which I have already quoted. The passage is long; but it puts so well the point which Mr. Pater has perhaps exaggerated, regarding the importance of the sensuous and suggestive elements in poetry, that I venture to think my readers will be glad to be reminded of it:<sup>1</sup>

"The range of human thoughts and emotions greatly transcends the range of such symbols as man has invented to express them; and it becomes, therefore, the business of Art to use these symbols in a double way. They must be used for the direct representation of thought and feeling; but they must also be combined by so subtle an imagination as to suggest much which there is no means of directly expressing. And this can be done; for experience shows that it is possible so to arrange forms, colours, and sounds as to stimulate the imagination in a new and inexplicable way. This power makes the painter's art an imaginative as well as an imitative one; and gives birth to the art of the musician, whose symbols are hardly imitative at all, but express emotions which, till music suggests them, have been not only unknown but unimaginable. Poetry is both an imitative and an imaginative art. As a choice and condensed form of emotional speech, it possesses the reality which depends on its directly recalling our previous thoughts and feelings. But as a system of rhythmical and melodious effects—not indebted for their potency to their associated ideas alone—it appeals also to that mysterious power by which mere arrangements of sound can convey an emotion which no one could have predicted beforehand, and which no known laws can explain.

"And, indeed, in poetry of the first order, almost every word (to use a mathematical metaphor) is raised to a higher power. It continues to be an articulate sound and a logical step in the argument; but it becomes also a musical sound and a centre of emotional force. It becomes a musical sound;—that is to say, its consonants and vowels are arranged to bear a relation to the consonants and vowels near it,—a rela-

<sup>1</sup> Essays, Classical, p. 113-115.



tion of which accent, quantity, rhyme, assonance, and alliteration are specialised forms, but which may be of a character more subtle than any of these. And it becomes a centre of emotional force; that is to say, the complex associations which it evokes modify the associations evoked by other words in the same passage in a way quite distinct from grammatical or logical connection. The poet, therefore, must avoid two opposite dangers. If he thinks too exclusively of the music and the colouring of his verses—of the imaginative means of suggesting thought and feeling—what he writes will lack reality and sense. But if he cares only to communicate definite thought and feeling according to the ordinary laws of eloquent speech, his verse is likely to be deficient in magical and suggestive power."

This is right. This makes equitable allowance for the claims alike of the material and the form of art—the intellectual and emotional content, the sensuous and artificial embodiment.

But to return to Mr. Pater. His doctrine that art is "always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence," his assertion that the perfection of lyrical poetry "often seems to depend in part on a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject," contradict the utterances of the greatest craftsmen in the several arts—Milton's sublime passages on the function of Poetry, Sidney's and Shelley's Defences of Poesy, Goethe's doctrine of "the motive," Rossetti's canon that "fundamental brain-work" is the characteristic of all great art, Michelangelo's and Beethoven's observations upon their own employment of sculpture and music. Rigidly applied, his principles would tend to withdraw art from the sphere of spirituality altogether. Yet, considered as paradoxes, they have real value, inasmuch as they recall attention to the sensuous side of art, and direct the mind from such antagonistic paradoxes as the one propounded by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his preface to Wordsworth.

It is difficult to see in what way Mr. Pater can evade the strictures he has passed upon his brethren, the popular critics. Whether a man selects poetry or selects music as the "true type or measure of consummate art," to which "in common all the arts aspire," will depend doubtless partly upon personal susceptibilities, and partly upon the theory he

has formed of art in general. Both the popular critics and Mr. Pater take up their position upon equally debatable ground. The case stands thus. Mr. Pater is of opinion that the best poetry is that in which there is the least appeal to "mere intelligence," in which the verbal melody and the suggestive way of handling it are more important than the intellectual content. He thinks that the best pictures are those in which the "mere subject" is brought into the least prominence. Holding these views, he selects music as the "true type and measure of consummate art." Herein he is consistent; for music, by reason of its limitations, is the least adapted of all arts for the expression of an intellectual content. The popular critic, on the other hand, is of opinion that the best poetry is that which has the clearest, the most human, and the most impressive motive. He thinks that the best pictures are those which, beside being delightful by their drawing and colour, give food for meditation and appeal to mental faculty. Holding these views, he selects poetry as the "true type and measure of consummate art." Herein he too is consistent; for poetry, by reason of its limitations, is the best adapted of all arts for appealing to intelligence and embodying motives with lucidity.

Mr. Pater and the popular critic are equally right or equally wrong. We are, in fact, confronting two different conceptions of art, each of which is partial and one-sided, because the one insists too strongly on the sensuous form, the other on the mental stuff, of art.

Supposing a man does not accept Mr. Pater's doctrine; supposing he starts from another point of view, and demands some defined conception in a work of art as well as a sensuous appeal to our imaginative reason; supposing he regards art in its highest manifestation as a mode of utterance for what is spiritual in man, as a language for communicating the ideal world of thought and feeling in sensible form; then he will be tempted to select not music but poetry as his type and measure. Thus it is manifest that critics who refer to the standard of poetry, and critics who refer to the standard of music, differ in this mainly that they hold divergent theories regarding the function of art in general.

The debatable point for consideration is whether either the popular critic rebuked by Mr. Pater or Mr. Pater him-



self can legitimately choose one of the arts as the "type and measure" for the rest. I maintain that both are expressing certain personal predilections, whereby the abiding relations of the arts run some risk of being overlooked. What the matter really comes to is this: while the one proclaims his preference for sensuous results, the other proclaims a preference for defined intelligible content. Each does violence by his selection to one or other of the arts. The critic who demands a meaning at any cost, will find it hard to account for his appreciation of music or of architecture. Mr. Pater, in order to complete his theory, is forced to depreciate the most sublime and powerful masterpieces of poetry. In his view drama and epic doff their caps before a song, in which verbal melody and the communication of a mood usurp upon invention, passion, cerebration, definite meaning.

Just as the subjectivity of any age or nation erects one art into the measure of the rest, so the subjectivity of a particular critic will induce him to choose poetry or music, or it may be sculpture, as his standard. The fact remains that each art possesses its own strength and its own weakness, and that no one of the arts, singly and by itself, achieves the whole purpose of art. That purpose is to express the content of human thought and feeling in sensuously beautiful form by means of various vehicles, imposing various restrictions, and implying various methods of employment. If we seek the maximum of intelligibility, we find it in poetry; but at the same time we have here the minimum of immediate effect upon the senses. If we seek the maximum of sensuous effect, we find it in music; but at the same time we have here the minimum of appeal to intelligence. Architecture, in its inability to express definite ideas, stands next to music; but its sensuous influence upon the mind is feebler. As a compensation, it possesses the privilege of permanence, of solidity, of impressive magnitude, of undefinable but wonder-waking symbolism. Sculpture owes its power to the complete and concrete presentation of human form, to the perfect incarnation of ideas in substantial shapes of bronze or stone, on which light and shadows from the skies can fall: this it alone of all the arts displays. It has affinities with architecture on the one

hand, owing to the material it uses, and to poetry on the other, owing to the intelligibility of its motives. Painting is remote from architecture; but holds a place where sculpture, poetry, and music let their powers be felt. Though dependent on design, it can tell a story better than sculpture; and in this respect painting more nearly approaches poetry. It can communicate a mood without relying upon definite or strictly intelligible motives; in this respect it borders upon music. Of all the arts painting is the most flexible, the most mimetic, the most illusory. It cannot satisfy our understanding like poetry; it cannot flood our souls with the same noble sensuous joy as music; it cannot present such perfect and full shapes as sculpture; it cannot affect us with the sense of stability or with the mysterious suggestions which belong to architecture. But it partakes of all the other arts through its speciality of surface-delineation, and adds its own delightful gift of colour, second in sensuous potency only to sound.

Such is the prism of the arts; each distinct, but homogeneous, and tintured at their edges with hues borrowed from the sister-arts. Their differences derive from the several vehicles they are bound to employ. Their unity is the spiritual substance which they express in common. Abstract beauty, the *ἰδέα τοῦ καλοῦ*, is one and indivisible. But the concrete shapes which manifest this beauty, decompose it, just as the prism analyses white light into colours. *Multae terricolis linguae coelestibus una.*

It is by virtue of this separateness and by virtue of these sympathies that we are justified in calling the poetry of Sophocles or Landor, the painting of Michaelangelo or Mantegna, the music of Gluck or Cherubini, sculpturesque; Lorenzetti's frescoes and Dante's Paradiso, architectural; Tintoretto's Crucifixion and the Genius of the Vatican, poetical; Shelley's lyrics in Prometheus Unbound and Titian's Three Ages, musical; the façade of the Certosa at Pavia, pictorial; and so forth, as suggestion and association lead us.

But let it be remembered that this discrimination of an *Anders-streben* in the arts, is after all but fanciful. It is at best a way of expressing our sense of something subjective in the styles of artists or of epochs, not of something



in the arts themselves. Let it be still more deeply remembered that if we fix upon any one art as the type and measure for the rest, we are either indulging a personal partiality, or else uttering an arbitrary, and therefore inconclusive, æsthetical hypothesis. The main fact to bear steadily in mind is that beauty is the sensuous manifestation of the idea—that is, of the spiritual element in man and in the world—and that the arts, each in its own way, conveys this beauty to our percipient self. We have to abstain on the one hand from any theory which emphasizes the didactic function of art, and on the other from any theory, however plausible, which diverts attention from the one cardinal truth: namely, that fine and liberal art, as distinguished from mechanical art or the arts of the kitchen and millinery, exists for the embodiment of thought and emotion in forms of various delightfulness, appealing to what Mr. Pater has well called the imaginative reason, that complex faculty which is neither mere understanding nor mere sense, by means of divers sensuous suggestions, and several modes of concrete presentation.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



## AMATA LOQUITUR :

AGAIN, O Christ, the bell at Llanagryn !  
I heard aright ? No, no ! the hills are high,  
Too high for any wind of earth to bear  
The sound across the rush-pools on the heights,  
The circle of bleached stones, the early way,  
The fallen cromlechs, and the miles of waste :  
It cannot be. Yet, hush !—again, twice, thrice.  
Fool, that I am ! my conscience's in my ears ;  
It is not full time for the Angelus,  
It is not six. And yet 'twas thus I heard  
The very sound on Pensarn that foul night  
Which makes all days and nights, that follow it,  
Terrible as itself ; for on that night  
I bade Thwane come. 'Twas he alone of man  
Or living thing I hated. Well he knew  
I loved but Jeffrey, yet he asked my love ;  
Nor asked it only, but he dogged my steps  
And daily made unholy taunts, till he  
Seemed like a storm of slander o'er our heads,  
Ready to burst, and with a flood of lies  
Deluge my love for—nay, 'twas more than love,—  
Myself in Jeffrey. Therefore hour by hour  
A swift consuming hatred grew in me,  
A hatred of his looks, his ways, his words,  
Unbearable and restless, and became  
Stronger than Love, Love that is strong as Death.  
And so I said to him, " Come, Thwane, to-night  
By Ave-bell at nightfall (for it was  
Well in the waning of the year) ; come, Thwane,  
To Merlin's seat on Pensarn, half-way up  
That silent mountain. Know you it ? It hangs  
Over the ocean towards Anglesea."  
And he replied, " I know it." And I said,  
" Thwane, I will give until you ask no more."

Then all that afternoon it seemed the sun  
Scarce journied in the heavens, but held the day  
The space of many days ; and when at length  
He past into the sea the hurrying night



Dropt oversoon, like Death, upon the land  
And all the ocean. So in haste I sped  
Up Pensarn till I reached old Merlin's seat,  
And crouched beside it. Then I heard him come  
Over the gorse and bracken ; and I said  
Within myself, "'Tis early that he comes."  
And when he came I feigned a stricken voice,  
"Hush ! speak not for God's sake ; someone is near."  
And this I feigned, because I inly feared  
That if I heard some word that Jeffrey used  
Fall from his lips, it might abate my purpose ;  
So whispered, "Hush !" Nor did I look on him,  
Lest seeing he was flesh and blood as we,  
I should forget my hatred ; so I clenched  
My eyes, and drove my soul into my hands  
And all my fingers : and I spoke again,  
"The night is cold and biting, you shall have  
My wimple for a neckcloth." And undid  
Quickly my linen wimple from my face  
And made a neckcloth. He was looking round,  
I think, into the night, perchance to find  
The feigned intruder, and scarce heeded he  
My words : yet I stayed not for yea or nay,  
But threw my linen wimple round his throat  
And tied it thus, and thus, and thus ; and he  
Sank like a sleeping child, down at my feet.  
Then knew I I had given as I said,  
Nor should he ask again ; and so I laughed,  
And all the hill-side rang out with my laugh.

Whether it was that I had tied too well  
The neckcloth I had made him ; or that the night  
Grew darker then, so that I could not see  
How I had tied the knot ; yet this I know,  
That, fumbling at the wimple, I had bowed  
Myself over his body, and my thoughts  
Presently wandered from my fingers, on,  
On till I found my eyes held by his eyes.

It was not all at once I knew the truth.  
It came not as the bell's sound came just now,

Suddenly, in an instant. It dawned, dawned  
Mysteriously and terribly by degrees  
Upon my half-numbed sense. It seemed as though  
Someone had told it me again, again ;  
And my poor ears had heard again, again,  
What had been told me, but my wretched heart  
Dared not to understand it. Yet, at last,  
The iron truth broke on me that not Thwane,  
Not Thwane—'twas Jeffrey ! Then it was I heard  
The Angelus ring out from Llanagryn.

It must have been the loosening of the knot  
That did release the little dregs of life  
From out his lips ; for suddenly I caught  
A struggling word, as yet I knelt by him  
Bowed, like a stone and speechless. Why did he  
Speak as he did ? He should have cursed me there,  
There where I knelt ! But no, 'twas not to be ;  
For this poor heart of grief too soon divined,  
From half-said words and broken sentences,  
As life came back in waves to ebb again,  
Ebb unto death, how he had heard it tost,  
For gossip 'twixt the serfs, that I that night  
Should meet with Thwane at some appointed place.  
But here his soul, as if't had been aware,  
Endeavour as it might, it could but speak  
Once and begone, shook like a winter leaf  
Within its fair-made house of flesh ; and he  
Strained all his passing breath into these words,  
Crying, " I thought to follow unobserved  
And find the truth ; now have I found the truth.  
'Twas but a snare that you might strangle me !  
But I forgive you." Then the thin life went  
Up from him like a bubble in a stream.

Whereat my tongue was loosened, and I poured  
The bitter, bitter truth into his ears  
In vain, for he was dead and heard me not.  
But Thou, Christ, Who canst disabuse the soul,  
Wilt Thou permit him in the dismal grave  
To say unto his ever-breaking heart,



“Woe! woe! ’twas but a snare to strangle me!”  
Still did I pour into his ruthless ears  
My own exceeding love for him, my hate  
Of Thwane; my love, my fear, and my revenge;  
Until I knew there stood above my head  
A shadow of darkness. And I raised my eyes,  
And it was Thwane; and Thwane said, “Even thus  
You would have sated me.” And so I knew  
That nothing of this grief was hid from him.  
And Thwane went on, “Now shall you come with me,  
Into a place where we shall not be found,  
And do my bidding. Come, or I will go  
To Hendre telling all that I have seen.”  
Then I rose up, and with my finger-tips  
Smote him upon the mouth, and answered, “Go!”  
Yet neither did he go, nor did he make  
Me any answer; but from Jeffrey’s neck  
He took my wimple, and he bound instead  
His leathern girdle, and he gave to me  
My wimple, crying, “Haste, or I will do  
More evil to you than you would. Haste, get  
To Hendre, and keep silence; for ’t shall be,  
When they shall find my girdle at his throat,  
I shall have past into another land  
And in no place be found. Then will they say  
Jeffrey by Thwane was killed; but you shall keep  
The secret of this evil in your heart,  
And day by day its weight shall grow on you,  
Till life become as grievous to be borne  
As love was sweet.”

Then thought I, “I will go  
Swiftly to Hendre, and arouse the serfs;  
And they will overtake him on the hills,  
And he will suffer what my hate of him  
Has brought to pass.” So I, without a word,  
Turned like a hind to Hendre, and I ran  
Into the Hall dishevelled, and in my hand  
My wimple, and a lie upon my lips,  
Crying, “Lo! I was walking by the beach  
And heard a shriek as of a murdered man  
Come from the hills towards Pensarn!”

Then they rose,  
Each knight and serf of Hendre, and they searched  
Height after height, even until they came  
To Cader Idris ; yet they found no man,  
But only one chill body ; and round the neck  
Thwane's leathern girdle wound. And so it was,  
As he had said, they called him murderer.  
But I still keep the secret of these things  
Deep in my heart, untold to any man,  
For none may understand it. So the pain  
Of these things grows with me, grows for I hear  
The daily tattle call him murderer,  
Who only loved—Loved? Nay, speak Christ! Thou  
knowest,  
Had I but loved as he, Jeffrey had lived.

HERBERT P. HORNE.







**M**ssale Romanū: multis frigijs/ima-  
 ginibus/ac diuine scripture ⁊ sa-  
 croꝝ doctorū auctoritatibus  
 ad festiuitatū cōgruen-  
 tiam decoratum:  
 nuprimeqꝫ  
 pꝛessus











N SOME OLD TITLE-PAGES,  
WITH A SKETCH OF THEIR  
ORIGIN, AND SOME SUGGES-  
TIONS FOR THE IMPROVE-  
MENT OF MODERN ONES.

In the year 1650 was born John Bagford. His father apprenticed him to a shoemaker, but Nature had intended him to be the minister and scourge of bookmen, and to this end it was necessary for him to leave his last and seek his living as a caterer for the libraries of great men. He served his patrons honestly and well. His most embittered biographers do justice to the untiring zeal which made him take walking tours through Holland and Germany in search of bargains, and so little profit did he make from his business that it was only a nomination to the Charterhouse that saved his old age from penury. He was one of the resuscitators of the Society of Antiquaries; he made a famous collection of old ballads; and his contemporaries, when he died in 1716, paid elaborate compliments to his memory. Yet that memory has ever since been execrated, and the justice of the execration is indisputable. When the name of John Bagford is mentioned book-lovers hiss through their teeth the word *Biblioclast*, and in that mysterious expression lies the secret of his misdoing. "He spent his life," says his latest biographer with terrible judiciality, "in collecting materials for a history of printing which he was quite incompetent to write." His materials were title-pages, and it is probably a moderate estimate which places the number of them at about five-and-twenty thousand. About ten thousand of these are pasted into nine large folio volumes which now belong to the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum; the rest form part of the one hundred and ninety-eight volumes of his *Remains* in the Harleian Collection in the Department of Manuscripts of the same institution. Specimens of Chinese paper, fragments of rare bindings, engravings, initial letters, publishers' marks, literary correspondence, lives of the early English printers in Bagford's manuscript, make up the other volumes of this melancholy, yet profoundly interesting, collection; and if there be any reader of this paper possessed of a little learned leisure, it



is suggested to him that he might employ it to many worse purposes, than in working at this vast collection, and ascertaining if no useful results can be extracted from the materials so laboriously amassed. The title-pages, with which we are here concerned, have already been to a considerable extent arranged in rough chronological order under the towns at which they were printed. A glance through the earlier volumes may incline the student to take a somewhat lenient view of Bagford's misdoings. A book is always a book, but if any are to be selected for mutilation it would be hard to make a better choice than Dutch and German works of theology. Even the first volume of English relics awakes nothing ferocious in the way of indignation, though it contains spoils from Florio's "Montaigne," from Withers' "Fidelia," from Cotgrave's Dictionary, and from the "Declaration of Popish Imposture," this last a work which we know that Shakespeare read, and haply in this very copy. But further investigation discloses whole volumes of the charming title-pages of Jean Petit and of our own special favourites the Juntas; even Wynkyn de Worde is not sacred from this destroyer, and as we turn the pages we tremble with mingled fear and hope lest we should light upon the colophon of a Caxton. To say this is to acquiesce in the strongest denunciations that have been launched at Bagford's unlucky head, and there is nothing left but a mournful wonder that in days when old books were so cheap that a needy book-agent could afford to deal as he would with more than twenty thousand of them, such priceless opportunities should have been used for destruction rather than preservation.

The earliest title-page which we have noted in Bagford's collection is dated 1509, or just half a century after Fust and Scheffer set up their press. As is well known, in the evolution of the printed book from the manuscript, the title-page was the final complement. Not that all manuscripts are destitute of everything in the shape of a page specially set apart for the title of the work, but that the bibliographer demands from the title-page proper that it should contain not only the name of the book, but that of its printer or publisher, the town at which it is issued, and the date of publication; information which in early books was reserved

exclusively for the colophon. In the case, indeed, of very early books, without the colophon all but the most learned readers would be hopelessly at sea. Thus, when we open a book printed by Nicholas Jenson we find at the top of the first page: [C]um multi ex Romanis etiam consularis dignitatis uiri, &c. &c., and are plunged at once into a lengthy historical work, which we may or may not be able to identify for ourselves. But when we turn to the end of the volume a double explanation is offered us; the first, according to a pleasant old custom, in verse, the second in prose.

Historias ueteres peregrinaque gesta reuoluo  
 Iustinus, lege me: sum trogus ipse breuis.  
 Me gallus ueneta Ienson Nicolaus in urbe  
 Formauit Mauro principe Christophoro.

Justini historici clarissimi in Trogi Pompeii historias liber xliiii. feliciter explicit MCCCCLXX. From this we learn that the work is the abridgment by Justinus of the Histories of Trogus Pompeius, and that it was printed in Venice by Nicolas Jenson, a Frenchman, in the year 1470, when Cristoforo Mauro was doge. Here we have information in plenty, but to be obliged to turn to the end of a book to know its subject was intolerable, and was soon felt to be so. Even in very early books we sometimes find the title printed like a label on the first leaf, but the commonest plan was to head the first printed leaf with an explanation of the nature and contents of the book. This time we will take our example from a work printed by our own William Caxton in 1483. Here the first leaf is blank, the second has at its head: "This book is intytled the pilgremage of the sowle, translated out of Frensshe in to Englysshe. Which book is ful of deuoute maters touchynge the sowle, and many questyons assoyled to cause a man to lyue the better in this world, And it conteyneth fyue bookes, as it appereth hereafter by Chapytres." At the end of the work this information is repeated, and the bibliographer also is given the details which he desires. Thus the colophon runs: "Here endeth the dreme of pylgremage of the soule translated oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe, With somewhat of addicion, the yere of oure lord MCCCC. & thyrten and endeth in the

vigyle of Seynt Bartholomew. Emprynted at Westmestre by William Caxton and fynysshed the sixth day of Juyn the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXIII. and the first yere of the regne of Kyng Edward the fyfthe." On the verso of the first leaf of the British Museum copy of this Caxton the short title of the book is written in manuscript, and it is probable that the slow growth of the title-page is best to be explained by that same humility before the ornate and gorgeous flourishes of the scribe, which caused the early printers to leave blanks for the initial letters and chapter-marks to be filled in by hand. But as printers grew in pride they scorned dependence on any but themselves, and from 1490 onwards the appearance of the short title of the work on the first leaf begins to be the rule. Thus, in Vérard's edition of the French work from which Caxton's is translated the title-page reads: "Le pelerinaige de lame," and so with many other of his works. In one instance as early as 1493 the place of imprint is already added to the title-page, which runs: "Des deux amans translate de latin en frâcois et imprime a paris nouuellement." This, however, is an exception, and down to the end of the fifteenth century what we may call the label title-page continues to be the rule, but occasionally embellished, sometimes by a printer's emblem, sometimes by an ornamental wood-cut.

To the two different methods of embellishment indicated in the last paragraph, the right-thinking book-lover will attach very different values. Both in Italy and France the addition of an ornamental wood-cut has produced some very beautiful title-pages. One of these is given as an illustration to this article, partly for its intrinsic beauty, partly as a protest against the prevalent idea that the only possible illustration to a title-page is a small steel-engraved vignette placed in the middle of the page. But though wood-cuts, if in themselves beautiful and in due relation to the subject of the work, form a very delightful embellishment, it is evident that they will vary in goodness with the condition of arts with which printers have nothing to do, that they form a serious addition to the cost of production, and also are incompatible with the presence of any but the least pretentious of publishers' or printers' devices. These last, on the other hand, are thoroughly in place on







ΣΙΜΠΛΙΚΙΟΥ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ ΔΙΔΑΣΚΑΛΟΥ  
ΥΠΟΜΝΗΜΑ ΕΙΣ ΤΑΣ ΔΕΚΑ ΚΑΤΗ-  
ΓΟΡΙΑΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥΣ







every title-page; they form an item of expenditure which need only be incurred once, and with the scores of good examples from which it is open to modern publishers to borrow, it can only be a certain perversity which even in the most degraded state of art can fail in securing a reasonably good one. The addition of the publisher's device to every book which is considered worth decent paper and decent print, is thus the first of the few suggestions which it is part of the design of this article to offer. The splendid device of Nikolaos Blastos (1499), which we give as one of our illustrations, errs indeed on the side of excess, since it dwarfs the title of the book into insignificance; but this makes it only the better example of the fearlessness of the old printers in their employment of this form of ornament.

Of the last stage in the evolution of the title-page little need be said. By the addition of the publisher's device the contemporary book-lover was informed both of the publisher and the place of imprint, and to this day the title-pages of the books of certain firms, who may have their own reasons for omitting the year of publication, tell their purchasers no more than this. Throughout the sixteenth century the use of colophons continued general, and during the years 1510-1540, while the full title-page was growing up, the amount of information repeated from the colophon is very arbitrary, consisting sometimes of date and place, sometimes of place and publisher's name, sometimes of publisher's name and date. By 1540 the full title-page had become the rule, and it is sad to have to state that the results of this laborious growth, especially in England and Germany, were singularly hideous, and became increasingly so during the next century. The causes or symptoms of this decadence may be reduced to three heads: (1) the disuse or decreased importance of the publisher's device, owing to the presence on the title-page of the imprint previously only given in the colophon; (2) the desire to state too much; (3) the desire to emphasize certain words in the title, which gradually degenerated into an inane ambition on the part of the printer to show off the multiplicity of his types. On the second and third of these causes it is necessary to say a few words. The earliest titles were as a rule quite short, and readers

were left to discover the names sometimes of authors, and almost invariably of editors and translators, from prefatory or commendatory epistles. But as editions multiplied such information as this had necessarily to be placed on the forefront of the book, and soon we have elaborate explanations of how commentator B has improved upon the labours of commentator A, and how everything has been 'diligentissime castigatum' and is now 'multo quam antea accuratius.' The habit of 'book-building' also soon came into existence, and the problem had to be faced of duly informing purchasers of the contents of a volume made up of several parts, each by a different author. Two Aldine title-pages may serve as examples of how the elder printers met this difficulty of long titles. 'In hoc libro hæc continentur' runs the head-line of a title-page 1495; and then follow in eight successive paragraphs, 'Constantini Lascaris Erotemata cū interpretatione latina,' and a list of seven other works. Again, in a Horace of 1519 the title "Q. Horatii Flacci Poemata Omnia" in large type, is followed by a long list of editors, index-makers, etc., printed in small italics arranged triangularly. In both cases the title-page keeps its antique massive appearance, while full information is given with all possible clearness. But such simplicity was not to the taste of later printers, and the titles of similarly composed books are soon spread over the whole page, with a painful repetition of every possible synonym for the phrase 'To which is added.' To further assist the reader in detecting the merits of the book offered for sale, the important words in the title were now brought into prominence by the use of different types, or by the interchange of red and black ink. These alterations made woful havoc with the beauties which had characterized the old title-pages, but at least they were prompted by a reasonable aim, and were, therefore, to be excused, if regretted. But with the continued decadence of the art of printing, all method was lost in the madness which seized on those responsible for sixteenth- and seventeenth-century title-pages. When red ink was used at all it appeared in alternate lines with black; the size of types was regulated sometimes by a desire to begin with the largest, at others without even this show of reason. In an edition of "A/



Second/ part of Essayes/ by Sir W. Cornwallis," the word 'Second' is twice the size of any other; so in the title-page of 'Certaine Miscellany works of the Right Honourable Francis, Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Albans,' the words 'The Right Honourable' are large enough to swallow all the rest. Along with these absurdities another custom may be mentioned by which, the necessity of a multiplicity of types being regarded as over-riding the requirements of sense, one half of a word would often be printed in large type, the other in small. Examples of this arrangement may be found in the advertising columns of most newspapers, and therefore need not be given here.

The above brief summary of the misdoings of Elizabethan printers justifies some measure of congratulation that at least in this respect we are better than our fathers. But the repentance of modern printers and publishers is marked by much timidity. The merits of the old title-pages may be summarized as consisting in: (1) the quaintness and beauty of their printer's emblems; (2) the restriction of the number of types to a minimum, which usually allowed only one, and seldom more than two; (3) the massive arrangement of these types either in rectangles like those now used in this magazine, or triangles, as in our Junta illustration; (4) the skilful use of red ink. During the last few years our leading publishers have revived the use of emblems, but with an obvious alarm lest they should appear too conspicuous on the title-page. The multiplicity of types continues an evil. A book published the other day, and printed by one of the best firms of printers, has no less than twelve varieties on its title-page, and six or seven are not an uncommon number. The massive arrangement of the words of the title has appeared not only in this magazine, and in the publications of the Villon Society, but even in some stray volumes of shilling reprints. As for red ink, everybody uses it, but alas, without much discretion. To fall into a form of expression which has closed many a preface: if the beauty of our illustration shall persuade but a single publisher to mass all his red (N.B. *not* pink) in one portion of the title-page, and leave the rest in the simplicity of sables, "this article will not have been written in vain." ALFRED W. POLLARD.



## N THE DAYS OF THE PHILISTINES.

A friend of mine was shewing me the other day some charming verses, which he had just finished; and their moral, certainly, was not less excellent than their rhythm. Why should we lament Greek Helen, they said, and those wonderful loves of Horace and Catullus? If only we have eyes to see, and will keep them open, in London we shall meet with ladies as beautiful as they were, and our experiences may prove as romantic as ever the most poetical spirit can wish.

So Lawrence Burton, the artist, seems to have found. His twelve-month's worship of Ethel Calderon grows deeper day by day. That her beauty has taken possession of him, anybody who calls him friend, and watches the development of his work, may see easily enough. Not that Lawrence raves about her, or pesters his acquaintance with sonnets written to her eyes and hair: but sometimes in the confidence of an evening's smoke together our talk has fallen upon Ethel: and then one may learn what she is to him by hints assuredly significant; while in the faces and figures of his drawings we are struck by perpetual reminiscences, consciously and unconsciously recorded, of the girl's curious beauty.

Yet, would everybody be charmed by her, or even allow that she was beautiful? Let me try and draw you a sketch of the young lady, that held out her hand to me with just the slightest smile, when one day a few months since Lawrence was good enough to introduce us. Tall, and singularly slight in figure, she was dressed in a plain, dark-blue serge, that fitted closely; and her hat of the same material was trimmed with dark blue ribbon. The effect of such austere adornment was certainly to emphasize both her features and the finely curved lines of her figure. The dark-brown eyes, as you first met her, were what struck you at once: they appeared even extraordinarily large: but almost immediately, as she kept looking out on you frankly with them, you felt that this appearance of largeness was not wholly dependent upon actual size, but upon the iris and the pupil being almost of a single shade, recalling to you irre-

sistibly the blank, patient, pathetic look of some beautiful animals. Above them the brow sloped back with the subtle curve, which characterizes the heads of Hera or Athene on ancient coins; the low, white brow, passing into delicate gray beneath a cluster of little, brown curls, which just showed themselves from under the blue serge of her simple hat. It was not of a Greek, however, that the girl's slightly aquiline nose reminded you, but of a Florentine relief of the Renaissance: the sensitive curl of the nostril leading you, as by an artistically considered transition of Nature herself, on to the wide and perfectly struck curve of her full, ripely-coloured lips: the full brown of the large eyes, the full redness of the large mouth, being at once, and almost weirdly, emphasized against the general paleness of the flesh. The whole head was small, and set daintily forward on a long, slender neck. Donatello would have seized on such a model at once. With what loving subtlety would his delicate fingers have left us a portrait of her to wonder at in the low, marble relief! I think he would have altered little: I think he would have recognized a "subject made," as if by an immediate providence, "to his hand."

When Burton first came face to face with Ethel Calderon, she was quietly strolling up and down one spring evening, to the strains of that mysterious music of a valse, which, however faulty may be the execution of the orchestra, is always irresistibly seductive. Their eyes met full: but they did not speak, or even smile. Physically they did not either of them pause for the infinitesimal fraction of a moment. But the delicate, intimate affinities of Love are not necessarily dependent upon conditions of time or touch: and after staying in the crowd a minute or two longer, as it were for the mere purpose of recovering himself, Lawrence walked out into the sharp April air, possessed. In his diary for that evening there is a short, fervid entry. It is partly a cry of pain, a cry certainly of wonder; the cry as of a man, who has been wandering about, not aimlessly, but with a dread upon him that this wandering may prove aimless after all in the end; and who then comes suddenly full on his dream and desire there actually before him. In a moment there is a sense of God, and he is down upon his knees very humbly, and in thanksgiving.



I have hinted that Burton was not a man to carry his heart upon his sleeve. His most intimate friends did not immediately recognize by any word or manner of his the visitation of this new experience. His tall, powerful figure moved easily amongst us as usual. If anything, his careful dress was a little more careful; his grave face, and quiet behaviour, a little more grave and inward: as one thinks now, a sort of silence hung about him, such as becomes a man in some sacred spot full of subduing yet incentive influences. But this change, quite real certainly, was outwardly so slight, that, though now we can recall it, at the moment it passed amongst us unobserved. For Burton himself, however, the heavens and the earth had opened their secrets: and in the centre of a new world of things stood the Lady, across whom Love had brought him that evening, transfiguring its objects and its aims, and inducing in him strange, new fancies, and determinations towards them.

But the nature of every real artist is sensuous: it is not content with the contemplation of life's secrets as ideas, but desires veritably to touch and handle them. And so it was inevitable, that Lawrence Burton should set himself to meet Miss Calderon, to become acquainted with her, to let her know, whatever might be the manner of her accepting the intelligence, what a significance her existence had for him. And assuredly in this case there did not seem to be those initial difficulties, with which the conventionalisms of society hedge around the first advances of an acquaintance. The difficulties were rather such as sprang from Burton's own self-consciousness, from his overstrained fear of being jestingly, even, as was not at least impossible, with some coarseness, repelled; or of a shocking disappointment, supposing the feelings or the words of the girl should not be such as were the proper complement of her physical beauty. For many days together he sought her at the time, and in the places, that he fancied were likely again to bring them face to face. Yet face to face they came more than once, and passed one another by. The man's sensitive horror of repulse or of disappointment rendered him quite foolishly vacillating; as it is with us when we fear to move close up to a beautiful bird or butterfly, lest we should frighten the fairness away, and wholly lose it.

Their acquaintance came of course finally, came one evening in a manner almost as sudden as was that of the first meeting. Burton's eyes met Ethel's not for the first or the second time; and the faint, nervous smile, which gathered up her lips into an even more beautiful curve, was surely Love's own call of recognition and acceptance. As he raised his hat and spoke to her, his first sensation was one of wonder as to what it was, that could have kept them so long apart: his own sister seemed scarcely better known to him; nor was his behaviour towards Ethel, unspoiled by any taint of shyness, less easy than would have been natural in a brother. Miss Calderon lived down by the river at Chelsea: and in a week's time Lawrence Burton might have been found there spending the afternoon with her, and her friend, Catarina; with a little pencil sketch of that exquisite renaissance head in his pocket-book, drawn hastily, but not without care, in the half-hour that they had been alone together, before afternoon tea came in, and they could be alone no longer.

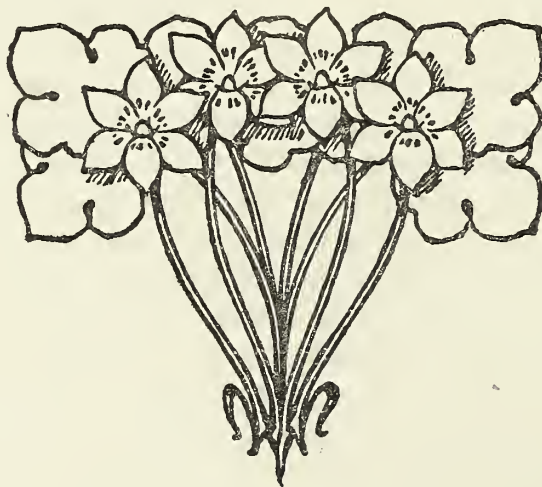
A week, a month, three months passed, and Burton seldom visited, or even saw, Ethel. The dear child had grown more dear to him; but he doubted seriously, whether on her part she had any care for his existence. Moreover there was this characteristic scrupulosity about the way of his affection for the girl, that, whenever he called at Chelsea, or went wandering to meet her elsewhere, he would not willingly present himself without some sweet sacrament, as he unaffectedly held it to be, of his devotion; at the least a daintily-tied box of sweetmeats; a soft, silk handkerchief to guard the slim neck and lie amid the warmth of the low bosom; or, more frequently, a delicately arranged bunch of choice and fragrant flowers, with their natural leaves, which he would pin against the white frills of her tightly-fitting dress, as a piece of positive colour, that made even more seductive the pearl tints of her throat and shell-like ear; and over which, as he left them there, his kiss, while their lips pressed full on one another, was to his fancy a religious, consecrating ceremony. But choice offerings, however small, selected here and there with no little thought as to their appropriateness, we cannot lay frequently at the shrines of our devotion without a sensible drain on our resources: and Burton's resources were far from inex-

haustible. He forced himself therefore into a state of self-denial, and tried hard to be content with memories and dreams. At the end of three months' time he went for a long-promised visit into the country. It would have been different, had he been certain of any desire on Ethel's part for his companionship; had his natural over-sensitiveness allowed him even a serious fancy, that such a desire might gradually be possible for her. But without certainty, and except under exciting, evanescent conditions of emotion nearly without hope, he kept himself steadily out of her way.

On the afternoon that he returned home he found awaiting him a letter, directed in a strange hand. Opening it he found to his astonishment that it came from Catarina: its date was ten days old: by some stupid mistake it had never been forwarded to him. "Ethel has been very ill, almost dead," she wrote. "She has asked me to send this, and beg you to come and see her."

In as short a time as a hansom could take him in Lawrence stood by the dear girl's bed. "How cruel you must have thought me," he cried, "I have been away: only this moment has the letter reached me." "I knew; I knew it must be so," Ethel quietly answered. A faint perfume of violets filled the warm, dimly-lighted room. "My child," he said very softly, "my child!" And as their lips met and clung to one another in a long silence, I think that Hope was born into Lawrence Burton's life.

SELWYN IMAGE.







## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF ENGLISH SONG-WRITING.

Songs are more generally diffused than any other form of Musical Art, and penetrate into the domestic privacy of more homes than any other kind of Music whatever; and consequently the condition of that branch of Art is a sort of barometer for the state of public taste in its widest sense. In a country where the most successful songs show delicacy and refinement of thought, neatness of treatment, rhythmic and constructive interest, genuine sentiment and musical variety, taste may be expected to be healthy and musical intelligence high; and in proportion as these things are absent must they be low. Of course barometers are not to be too implicitly trusted without knowledge of some other signs and tokens, in the heavens and elsewhere; and so may it be with the Song-barometer. But there is a good deal to be judged from both; and as far as the latter indicates anything, it must be judged that the great mass of the public in this country have for the past thirty years or so been sunk in a Slough of Musical Despond, such as can rarely have been provided for any other nation under heaven. The very facilities which song-writing has offered for making money with the very least trouble has been its curse; and it has consequently become a sort of business, by which a lazy and slatternly taste is fostered in the public, and then fed with a perfect flood of insipid and commonplace concoctions, which have been consumed by the gallon, with the most pernicious effects to art. The makers of the patent trade-song, from which one may exclude successful composers in other branches of art, have been for the most part helpless dullards whose sentiment is sodden with vulgarity and commonness, whose artistic insight is a long way below zero, whose ideas of declamation are an insult to the language, and whose musical incapacity is tragi-comic; and these have been thy gods, O Israel!

But strange to say, while things are almost at their worst, hopeful signs of a change begin to show themselves. In default of a ready artistic supply of home growth, there has sprung up a very fair sale of first-rate foreign products; and

a few brave publishers have risen above the pessimism of their order, and made up their minds to encourage things which are artistically meant, and musically healthy—and last, but certainly not least, there are most encouraging evidences of the beginning of a new outburst of lyric energy among the very young rising composers. It is really surprising to see how they come on. A few have already made their appearance who show to an extraordinary degree the delicate quickness of perception, and the instinct for rounding off and completing the musical presentation of a first-rate poetical lyric such as is among the rarest of gifts—while those who have a healthy feeling for declamation of their own language, and are capable of being inspired by genuine poetry, and doing things which are musically interesting and refined, look quite a promising troop. How they will stand the difficulties and dangers of the way remains to be seen. Meanwhile the HOBBY HORSE hopes to have opportunities of now and then carrying round a specimen of genuine English Musical Song—such as has artistic point, and delicacy, and purity of sentiment, or any of those many charms which lie in the province of the genuine song-writer; and he starts with a delicate and refined specimen by one of the foremost in the ranks of the newly-rising band, whose lyrics are beginning to be prized and welcomed by those who take pleasure in what is genuinely artistic. C. HUBERT H. PARRY.



A:SONG:COMPOSED:BY  
ARTHUR:SOM  
ERVELL



# MARIE AT THE WINDOW. A SONG SET TO MUSIC BY ART<sup>R</sup> SOMERVELL.

*Andante.*

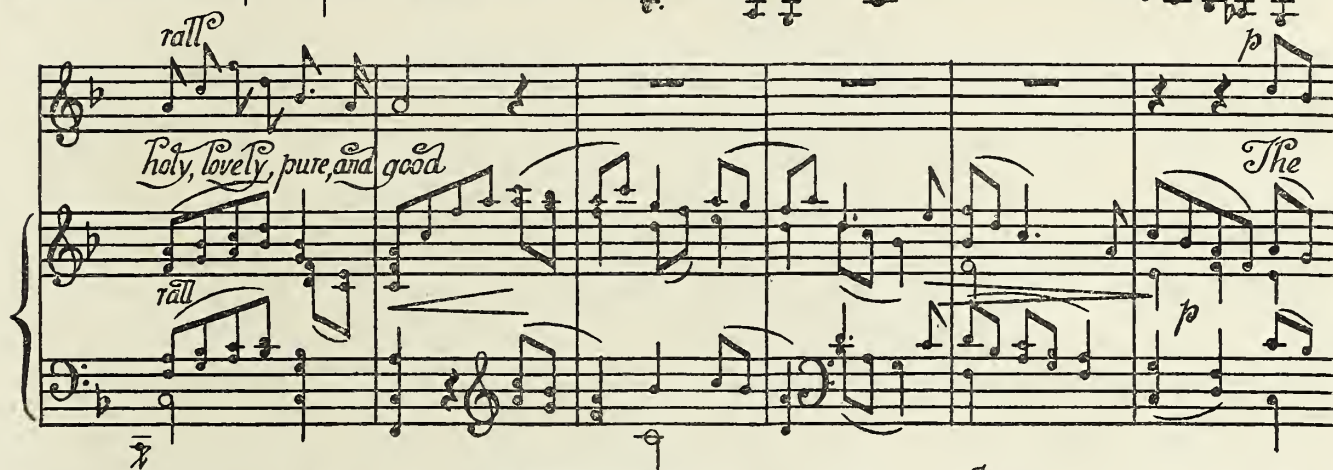
*p* Ma~rie thou sit'st thy  
*mf* window near, Thou lovely sweet and gentle child, And seest the blossoms sporting gay Up-  
*mf* on the evening breezes mild: And passing on his lonely way The reverent pilgrim lifts his  
*poco rall*



*p*  
hood; For Thou thy self art like a prayer, So holy, lovely, pure, and good: So



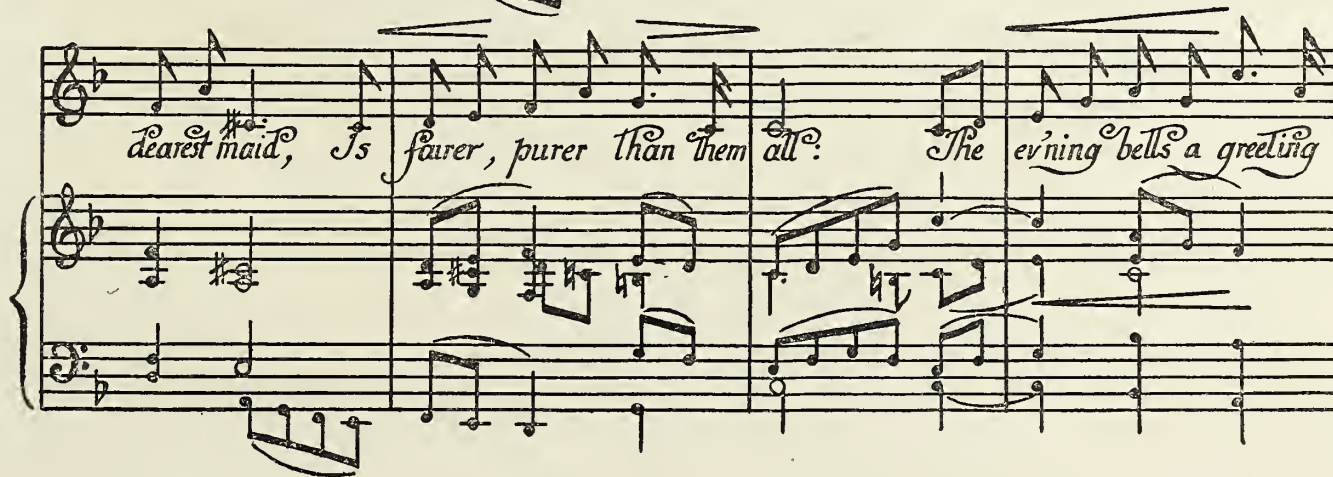
*rall*  
holy, lovely, pure, and good The



flow'ets raise their heads to drink The beams which from thy eyes do fall; And yet thy face, my



dearest maid, Is fairer, purer than them all: The ev'ning bells a greeting



send *Of* sweetest melody to thee ; Oh may no storm thy flow'ers

*pp*

*Ped* \*

break, Nor yet thy tender heart, Marie : Nor yet thy ten--der heart, Ma--

*poco rall*

*poco rall*

-rie.

*pp*



## ON REVISITING LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

THE triple spire springs heavenward as of old ;  
The bordering limes stand touched by no decay  
Save Autumn's ; still the gathered people pray ;  
And ancient chants through ancient aisles are rolled :  
Yet hath not Time even here, his wings to fold,  
Paused ; the hoar fane is full of yesterday ;  
New blazonries dye sunlight ; new array  
Of kings and saints the storied niches hold :  
Pilgrim, that hither stealest to behold  
The spot of thy departure on Life's way,  
Clings a like garland to thy temples grey ?  
Is a like record of thy travel told ?  
Rich in the new, nor rifled of the old,  
Seek'st thou these precincts fortunate as they ?

R. GARNETT.

September 23, 1887.



THE NEW REREDOS AT ST. PAUL'S  
CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION  
TO THE WHOLE DESIGN OF THAT  
CATHEDRAL.

Perhaps the one element of the art of Sir Christopher Wren, which abides with us above any other of the many and admirable traits in the art of that master, the one element in all his designs which, study we them never so often, occurs and reoccurs to us with new wonder and unfailing delight, is his unparalleled command over scale : I mean that felicity of his in so relating the proportions of the masses and lines of what is far away to what is near the eye, that the whole composition appears vaster and more sublime than it really is. The precise quality of this aspect of his art is of a nature so subtle and evasive, that it is to be suggested rather than defined however delicately. Indeed it is better that it should be sought out every man for himself, than that I or any other writer should attempt to give in words, what can only be completely expressed in Architecture, and is proper to that art alone. I will therefore make but one attempt to convey to you my sense. St. Paul's is to our hand, and we can wish for no better example than the western front : so let us endeavour to stand apart from the traffic under the low archway of Doctors' Commons, and watch whoever may chance to pass on the opposite pavement : or perhaps we may be more fortunate, and find a man leaning against the south-western angle of the cathedral. His height, as he leans there against the plinth, will give us a certain unit of measurement by which we shall be enabled to form a lively sense of the height of that member. In like manner, knowing the invariable proportion of the plinth to the pilasters and entablature, we gain the same sense of the entire order, and so of the second or superimposed order. Only observe that I say a lively sense, not an exact knowledge, a sense that the dimension of this or that order is so many times the height of a man, not a knowledge that it is so many feet high, which tells us no more than any other mathematical conclusion. But I am digressing, and have carried you no farther than the upper order, while my thoughts lie with the colossal statues which stand about the bases of the campanili. We know but too well that these figures are

colossal, and yet are but too well content, if so far the spirit of Wren has taken hold on us, to think of them as figures of men only a little above the life. We may see in it the 'ultima manus,' or if we are people entirely of this century, a mere trick; but in the transition to these statues from the endeavour to estimate the upper order the eye is given unwittingly a new unit of measurement, and beholds in the campanili a visionary grandeur, which, had the figures been of another height, it would not have divined in them. In this indefinable relation, effected by these statues, between the western steeples and the men and women moving about the portico, Wren evinces one of the finest touches of his genius in its mastery over scale.

It is doubtless a desirable and noble endeavour to make the cathedral of St. Paul's a more beautiful house for the offices of the Church, and therefore, because of this added beauty, more winning to the people, that they should elect to worship there. In the reredos lately completed we have the first attempt of any significance to bring such an aim to pass; and in this it is worthy of all commendation. Yet if we have any care for Wren's work as a piece of art admirable in itself, the beauty of which is rather to be increased than out-done and set on one side, we must before all things observe the principles that he observed, the subtlest of which I have sought to point out to you in the foregoing passage. We must relate to the whole building whatever sculpture or decoration we may bring into the church, in precisely the same manner as he related his statues on the west front to the dome and the campanili, and, indeed, all parts to the grand idea of his composition as a whole; for if we once break this harmony of subordination which runs through the entire fabric, there must needs follow as pitiful a result, as if the hand of the painter had erred in touching a mouth or an eye, or the finger of the musician in the midst of one of the fugues of Bach had faltered upon the clavichord.

The matter then, which I propose to myself, is to inquire how far the method and temper of the designer of this new reredos is in accordance with the method and temper evinced by Wren in composing his cathedral; to which end I shall first consider the plan of the reredos, and then pass on to the elevation. In the plan the main idea is that of a central



altar piece upon an oblong base, with a curved wing on either side. These in the elevation produce an effect as of one curved surface; and placed immediately in front of the semicircular apse, the impression of the east end is that of curve against curve. But the unvarying practice of Wren, and indeed of all the masters of Renaissance art, is to counteract every curved form by a rectangular form, and every rectangular form by a curve either of a circular or other nature. His was too keen an instinct not to show him in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, that curve balanced only by curve, or line by line, produces a weak impression: and I think it requires very little discernment to perceive how feeble and unscholarly the effect of the apse has been rendered by the introduction of these curves in the plan of the reredos. But to appreciate this distinction more clearly let us turn to the "Parentalia," and learn Wren's own intention in the matter. He had conceived, we are told, "a Design of an altar-piece consisting of four Pillars wreathed, of the richest Greek marble, supporting a canopy hemispherical with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture." In such a design, the rectangular form of the entablature, as it rested upon the columns of Greek marble, would have given the necessary foil to the apse; while the hemispherical roof would have connected these two forms, and so have brought the east end of the church into a harmony; and I cannot conceive of any other form of altar-piece, save that of a Baldachino, which would have exactly fulfilled the conditions necessary to produce such an effect.

It has been noticed that in Gothic architecture the horizontal lines are always subordinated to those that are upright, but that in the Classic styles the contrary principle is observed. One might refine this criticism still further by pointing out that though in the true Antique, as well as in the Renaissance buildings, the upright lines were never allowed to break the horizontal lines, yet in the later work, following, as it did, the Gothic spirit, and especially in the work of Wren, the total impression is no longer that of the horizontal lines lying grandly upon the earth as in the finest of the Roman theatres and temples, but eminently and essentially that of the Mediæval churches rising with

surprising height and spirituality of temper; for the old orders of Vitruvius had been informed with a new spirit, the spirit of movement and aspiration. If we would come to examine this sense of movement and see how it is attained, we should find that such an analysis is only to a certain extent permitted us, for the true secret of its nature doubtless is one with that of the inscrutable presentation of spirit understood in Literature, but misunderstood in Architecture, as style.

So far, however, as it is possible, I will endeavour to trace how Wren effected this. In the nave of St. Paul's, as indeed in the choir and transepts of the church, the main pilasters, rising directly from low bases, are carried up without any break to the great height of the main entablature. The loftiness of these pilasters is insisted upon chiefly by two things, the omittance of any plinth, and the immediate imposition of the vaulting upon the attic of the great order; yet in the subtle management of these simple elements Wren obtains much of the sense of movement in that part of the cathedral. But I am wrong in saying that he entirely avoided the use of a plinth, for he has carried along the walls of the aisles, and between the pilasters of the arcade, a band of ornament at that height from the ground, which would properly have determined the height of the plinth of the great order. Wren has not, however, as an architect of to-day would have done, ruled this band of ornament wherever it could reasonably be drawn on his elevation, but he has used it here and there only as he instinctively felt it was needed: and yet by this band of ornament he gives us all the advantages of a plinth, such as the sense of a solid base upon which the fabric rests, or the sense of a unit of measurement whereby we can scale the building, without any of the disadvantages which would follow in this instance from an interference with the essential idea of the upward movement of the great pilasters, consequent on the received employment of such a member.

If entering by the west door we should chance for the first time to see the new reredos on a fair day, the impression of the whole, after the eye has become a little accustomed to the brilliance of the gold on the white marble, is that of a confusion of many columns and much sculpture resting

upon a double plinth. Nor is the designer content with introducing a double plinth into a building of an acknowledged master, where this member is only suggested, and that with the most subtle and delicate art, but he must insist on their horizontal lines by introducing bands of dark coloured marble which stand out with astonishing significance, inlaid as they are in the crystalline splendour of the white marble. The result is an effect contrary to that which Wren has striven to obtain ; and instead of movement and sublimity we receive a painful sense of a deadness and lateral spread.

I spoke a few lines since of the confusion of many columns and much sculpture ; to make my meaning clear, let us walk to either side of the dome so that we can see the wood-work of the choir-stalls. Here also is much ornament and of a most florid kind, the naturalistic carving of Grinling Gibbons. Technically it is very wonderful ; but wonderful only as that pot of flowers by him, which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches passing by in the street below, was wonderful. Yet in this wood-work is neither confusion nor restlessness, because this wealth of ornament is never allowed to break or interfere with the chief lines, which are always of the simplest and severest nature. Indeed this florid ornament is subordinated to these simple and severe lines in the same manner as the lines themselves are subordinated, both in their kind and proportions, to the chief lines of the building. But in the reredos all these principles have been passed over ; the chief lines are wanting in simplicity ; the sculpture and ornament are neither subordinated to these chief lines nor in themselves finely disposed ; and lastly, the design of the reredos as a whole is not related to the design of the cathedral so as to become a part of it, as the choir-stalls and the screens of the side chapels are a part of it.

The chief lines are wanting in simplicity. If we consider the lesser order of the colonnade in relation to the wreathed order of the altar-piece proper, we miss that perfect sense of union between the two orders which is distinctive of the finest work ; but if we pass on to the consideration of the lesser order of the wings in relation to the double plinth, we are distressed by a most unpleasing disproportion, an entire



want of harmony; and without true harmony it is impossible to obtain true simplicity, else were baldness simplicity. But, moreover, there is a want of simplicity in a more definite sense; for a double plinth and a double order has been used, where in such instances Wren has employed but a single order with the usual plinth.

The sculpture and ornament are neither subordinated to these chief lines, nor in themselves finely disposed. I must confess I have been unable to discover what we are to understand by the term "Greek marble," of which Wren intended to fashion the four wreathed columns of the Baldachino: but from being spoken of as "the richest," it would seem to have been of a deep colour, and not the marble of Pentelicus, or some other of an ivory sort. However, I am certain it was of such a kind, that viewed from a distance it would have appeared of a uniform tone: for a marble of a very pronounced figure would ill agree with the elaborate lines of this form of column. But the architect of the reredos has not only overlooked this nicety, but he has garlanded his columns with gilt leafage work; so that when we look at them from a distance the outline of the columns is lost in the sheen of the gilding and the mottling of the marble, and we do not receive from them that impression, which is the first thing to be demanded of a column, the sense of support. This is but one instance of a want of due subordination in the ornament to the chief lines of the design. But touching the disposition of the sculpture; let us consider the central subject, the Crucifixion, as a mere arrangement of white masses against a dark background, and then turn to a fine example of the Florentine art it would emulate, such as that altar-piece by Andrea della Robbia in the cathedral at Arezzo, and how insipid an imitation does it appear by the contrast! What variety is there obtained by the simple balance of the crucified Christ against the two kneeling figures! With what delicacy are the three groups of angels on either side of the cross given their right degree of prominence; with what mastery are the winged heads disposed! But here there is neither variety, nor a musical arrangement of the masses.

Lastly, the design of the reredos as a whole is not related to the design of the cathedral so as to become a part of it,

as the choir-stalls and the screens of the side chapels are a part of it. By placing the lesser order of the wings upon the double plinth, the highest member of its cornice is brought on a level with the corresponding member of the cornice of the pilasters that support the arcade; by this device not only is Wren's practice in the use of a diminutive order inverted, but the whole effect of the arcade of the choir is dwarfed, and all the finest touches of his art to give that essential impression of movement and sublimity rendered of no avail. And this brings me to the consideration of the most serious defect of the whole design, its excessive height. Seen from the nave of the cathedral, we have in the apse an echo of the lines of the dome, and a beautiful close of the many lines of the building. It was desirable to hide as little of this by an altar-piece as possible, and so for this reason the form of a Baldachino especially commended itself. But now the apse is practically cut off from the rest of the church, and the reredos, from its great height and extent, becomes a portion of the structure, instead of the design of the cathedral.

It would seem to me, so far as I have been able to discover, that the architect of the new reredos has endeavoured to produce an effect of light and shade upon the white marble columns and golden capitals as they mingle with the perspective of the apse beyond, an effect akin in temper, though but superficially, to the temper of Gothic tabernacle-work with its want of restraint and its freedom from premeditation. But the mysterious effects of Wren were very differently produced. A critic, perhaps the subtlest of our age, has observed of Leonardo da Vinci that he was always desirous of beauty, "but desired it always in such definite and precise forms, as hands or flowers or hair." And so it was with Wren, who was always so desirous of mysterious beauty, of vast sublimity, but desired it not only in the definite and precise forms of the architecture of that time, but in these forms used so logically that we can say why each is used as it is, and not otherwise: indeed, there is no whit of his detail which he has not argued out to its last conclusion. Of these mere externals of his art we can speak with precision, as one might gather up in one's hands the abundance of a woman's hair; yet the inscrutable spirit of the thing evades us, and we cannot divine, even in our

own hearts, of what its mysterious beauty really consists ; and-who, then, shall speak of these things ?

The day is almost too late to put forth any suggestions concerning the decoration of St. Paul's : besides my remarks are likely to be the most unpopular in this age of extravagances ; but this, by the way, is a reason why I should hazard them. Excepting, perhaps, some of the mosaics in the spandril of the dome, any attempt as yet by way of decoration, has been far from satisfactory. The gilding of the stonework makes but a tawdry show and is little in keeping with the solid magnificence of the masonry ; and yet the problem is to tone down the cold effect of the interior, as we see it at present. If the stonework is to be left untouched, this can only be effected by the introduction of colour in the glazing of the windows ; but here, again, we are met by another difficulty : for stained glass is essentially mediæval in sentiment, and the substitution of the irregular leading of the modern windows for the square panes of Wren's clear glazing is in result so unhappy, that the mellow light thus gained in no way balances the loss of the original paning, the effect of which was so finely calculated by Wren. There is in the three little eastern windows of the crypt, some painted glass which, I am told, has been designed and executed, within the last few years, by Mr. Westlake. Here the square panes are more or less preserved, and the design is freely drawn in a dark, reddish-brown colour, regardless in a certain sense of the lead lines ; and no colour is introduced excepting the occasional use, here and there, of a simple yellow stain. Windows such as these, if we will only make clear to ourselves the difference between painted and stained glass, and the necessary conditions proper to the production of each, may be made as fine and legitimate examples of art as the Jesse window at York, or the windows of some of the French cathedrals. They would be sufficient to mellow the cold masses of the stone work ; they would partake of the temper of the building ; and, above all things, the regular paning of Wren, which is so essential to complete the full beauty of the whole composition, could be exactly preserved in them.

One word concerning the mosaics and then I have done. In spite of all that has been urged against Sir James Thornhill's paintings in the dome, however unworthy they



may be as paintings, yet considered purely from an architectural stand-point there is much in them that is eminently satisfactory. It is easy to say that it was from no wish of Wren's that their execution was entrusted to Thornhill, that the faults of perspective in them are unpardonable, and that Wren himself desired that the dome should be covered with mosaics. Despite even these objections, I cannot but think that their architectural lines were founded on the suggestions of Wren, and that any new design which is to replace them by mosaics must be based upon some variation of their constructional lines, if it is to be permanently admired. To me, that extraordinary sense of vastness, which we now feel on looking up into the dome, is due in no slight measure to the absence of colour; for the sombre tones of the grissaile work mingle with that cloud of grey atmosphere which so often hovers beneath the cupola, obscuring all, until we actually seem to fancy an apprehension of something beyond the dome. Cover this retired space with the brilliance of many colours, and from being far off and uncertain, its field will become distinct, and so appear nearer the eye than it does at present. But, after all, do not spaces that are nearer the eyes, such as the vaults under the balconies in the dome, at the junction of the aisles of the transepts with those of the nave and choir, first demand to be filled? Let these, then, be covered with mosaics of a low and mellow tone, where neither gold nor vivid hues have too marked a prominence; for nothing is farther from the intention of Wren than this wealth of sumptuous marbles, this prodigal blaze of colour, who much as he delighted in the beauty of porphyry and jasper, and in the richness of splendid mosaics, spared yet to "interpose them oft," and was not unwise. He loved these things, indeed, but he used them seldom, that thereby they might appear the more precious. We err if we think that Wren conceived of his cathedral as ultimately to be filled with all the exuberance of the Roman art of his time; it was conceived in the same temper as that in which Milton conceived the "Samson Agonistes"; with the same severe restraint, possible only to the greatest spirits, as of one working in perpetual awe of the imminent presence of God; with the same simplicity and "plain heroic magnitude of mind."

HERBERT P. HORNE.

THE MEMORIAL  
TO THE MEN OF LETTERS OF THE  
LAKE DISTRICT.

WE appealed to our subscribers, about a year ago, for a memorial to the writers who are connected with the English Lakes. The more pressing needs of the Royal Jubilee deferred the execution of our scheme; but it has not been abandoned, and in July we hope to report well of its further progress. We thank those who have already helped us; we remind those who were interested in our plan, that subscriptions will now be thankfully received; and we refer all other readers to our number for January, 1887.

THE CENTURY GUILD.

## NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY WORK.

MISS MAY MORRIS has recently finished two large curtains, embroidered from her own designs, upon a rich brocaded silk of a grayish blue colour. A scroll carried along the top of the curtain bears this verse, written especially for her by Mr. Morris, which best gives the idea of the design :—

Lo, silken my garden, and silken my sky,  
Silken the apple-boughs hanging on high,  
All wrought by the worm in the peasant-carle's cot,  
On the mulberry leafage, when summer was not.

And so in this garden of embroidery a large scroll-like leaf, worked in pale green and white silks, mixed with other leaves and flowers, meanders over the blue background. On these are placed, in decorative masses, the bushes of the garden, or rather Giottesque clusters of boughs done in almost a vivid green, some bearing apples, others flowers, others fruit and flowers. Embroideries such as these, remarkable for the extreme beauty of their design, colour, and execution, and important on account of their size, almost awake in us the hope that the days of the 'Opus Anglicum' may yet return to us.

Amongst the many men of ability who gained the wide sympathy of Dante Gabriel Rossetti not the least remarkable was J. Smetham Allen. His mastery over his art is as wonderful as the means of expression he employs is singular. Mr. Allen has the curious faculty of conceiving a design in silhouette so strongly that he is able, without hesitation, to cut it straight away out of a sheet of drawing paper ; nor does he first avail himself of any pencil sketch, or other preliminary help. These silhouettes sometimes contain six or more figures, and from their imaginative qualities, design, and beauty of contour, are, in certain ways, comparable to the outlines of Flaxman. They are, indeed, illustrations in the best and only admissible sense of the word ; for not only, as in a series recently done from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' is every subject thoroughly realized, but each design, from its imaginative rendering, becomes in its turn an original conception. In the hope that these few words may lead some of our readers to take an interest in Mr. Allen's work, I will add that any inquiries will find him at 1, Ockenden Road, Essex Road, N.



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IN drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

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